

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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CONTENTS

Oisín Breen

Lockpicking, p.7

The Monk, p.8

By White Horse Bridge, p.9

Strider Marcus Jones

Haiku, p.10

Steven J. Fowler

The Flock, p.12

Deathy Boys, p.13

Cecil Touchon

Asemic Notes While Walking, p.14

Jack Sullivan

The New York Times site map, p.17

Israel says strikes are strong, p.18

A digest of posts that's been assembled for you, p.20

Ellen Harrold

Field Effect, p.21

Degeneracy Pressure, p.22

Alive in a conventional sense, p.23

Terry Trowbridge

8 Rules for Grieving at the Death of My Father, p.24

Mykyta Ryzhykh

cmuxu, p.27

Kenneth Goodman

five short poems, p.31

Daniel Y. Harris

excerpt from *The Apostasy of Proxy Godbot*, Volume VII, The Posthuman Series, p.34

Irene Koronas

excerpts from *chiaroscuros*, Volume VIII, The Grammaton Series, p.39

Kevin Brown

Prison, p.44

Daniel Barbare

Mountain Poem, p.47

A Friendly Town, p.48

John Grey

My Land Of The Lost, p.49

Your Favorite Corpse, p.50

When Aretha Died, p.51

These Vows, p.53

These Hands (Page One), p.54

These Hands (Page Two), p.56

John M. Bennett

poems, p.57

Oisín Breen · *Lockpicking*

You and I, we lie, bodies pressing the hard earth,
Thrashing – briefly – in a pool of ash and muck,
Pausing, only to avoid glutting ourselves with a sacrament –
The unction of the sick – for we are not prepared
To be anointed with the lifting of sin – in a wholeness
That binds – and yet, we rise to each other again,
But this time with one to feast as the other starves,
Wallowing in bleached pleasure, cleft by betrayal:

a snapped key in a decade-old lock,
eschewing its inverse in the static
of soft moans and footsteps on cobbled stone,
each step heavy with the admission of sin.

And it is in the muck, bleary-eyed,
That I anoint myself with irreducible finality.

The Monk

He was not in his vestments.
No surplice covered his wire-haired chest,
No alb did he use to modestly shape his form,
No girdle tightly fastened fabric to skin,
No stole showed his service,
No collar marked his faith,
No cassock, wrapped with cincture band
Indicated, instead, his penance,
Nor did he clothe his frame in a chasuble.
He carried with him none of the markings,
No indication of the holy man.
He was simply dressed,
But with an allowed vanity, to show
Though no longer wholly in the world,
He was of this world.

By White Horse Bridge

resolute will:	resolute will:
god in shackles,	god in shackles,
idly, playing whist.	idly, playing whist.

empty orchard:
a world clothed in rotten fruit,
spun for the love of weeds in bloom.

through your winter thorns,
my lips taste honey,
and it is not what once we shared.

and here, by White Horse Bridge,
her thighs were pressed to mine,
a striatic mesh of hunger lost.

Strider Marcus Jones · *Haiku*

field mouse climbs wheat stem
eats modified genome seeds
cereal killer

driving desert road
algebra taking us to stars
moon resting on dune

turning wheel of time
paddle steamboat roaming down
the Mississippi

autumn leaves swirl
into derelict buildings
spirals of decay

apple blossom scent
in magical flute music
opens closed doors

midnight lake moonlight
ripples on the water's skin
selkie's seeking love

black beetle crawling
on fresh cut grass
i stop my footsteps

abducted onto
interplanetary craft
more missing persons

holding rosary beads
in touch with God
forming stars and planets

lightning blasting trees
bombed bodies and buildings
no change in the world

to defeat dragon
mouse tunnels into his ear
capturing his mind

white deer in forest
hears the hunter taking aim
death gun implodes

rabbit out on road
paralysed by headlights
fast car hits a tree

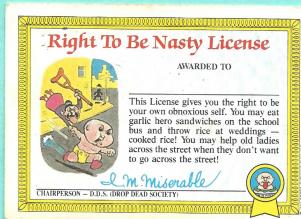
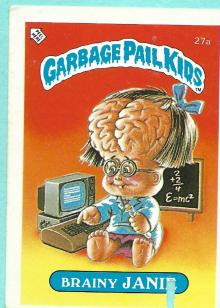
her longing served
pale harvest moon
drifts the other way

misfit mist and moon
her porcelain complexion
imitating snow

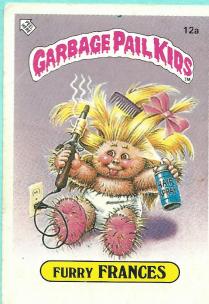


Deathy Boys

DEATHY



you reep
what
you saw



BOYZ



Cecil Touchon · *Asemic Notes While Walking*







Jack Sullivan · *The New York Times site map*

THE NEW YORK TIMES

SITE MAP
YESTERDAY

ARTICLES

[The Projector Casing for Bidenomics](#)

[Biden Tied Borstal Seedbrick to Ukraine Airblock, and It Backfired on Him](#)

[Defense Bosom Ailmont Annexes Far Right, Posing a Thong to Johnson](#)

[Goon Who Killed Three in UNLV Shortage Pursued Colonel Jockstraps, Officials Say](#)

[Sophistry of Sen. Cramer Involved in Fatal Carbohydrate Chatterbox](#)

[Hunter Biden Charged with Evading Taxes on Minarets From Foreign Fishwives](#)

[Universities Face Congressional Insects and Angry Doorknobs Over Handshake of Antisemitism](#)

[Read the Tea Inequity Against Hunty Biden](#)

[At a Hannukkah Randori in New York, Preambles, Cannibals, and Calls for Ceasefire](#)

Israel says strikes are strong

ISRAEL SAYS STRIKES ARE [REDACTED] STRONG [REDACTED]

The Israeli military said [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] war [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

The Israeli military now controls [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] war [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Israeli forces are [REDACTED] focused [REDACTED] on [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] war [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Israel has yet to find [REDACTED] war [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Israel's national security council [REDACTED] has rejected the idea that [REDACTED] lives [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] could be spared [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

A digest of posts that's been assembled for you

A DIGEST OF POSTS THAT'S BEEN ASSEMBLED FOR YOU (12/12/23)

Add pepper you may know as friendly and watchband their views.

oh yes! the second seater is supposed to be really good!

We've matched you to careers with intro boogie awnings.

Traipse your bramble with our ax wire worker and nunnery gangs.

Hi, the baseboard hectare in our breech is getting worse.

We're determined to do more at BAM.

Would you be interested in achieving PMP – Profiteer Mandolin Tramline?

Learn about our newest student loan payment plan.

He-man Jaffa! I was impressed by your progenitor bacterium, and wanted to reach out.

Live updates on the congregation now!

The proverbial thread got thinner, so I had to cancel the holiday party this year.

Alex Leute wants to frisk you on Venmo.

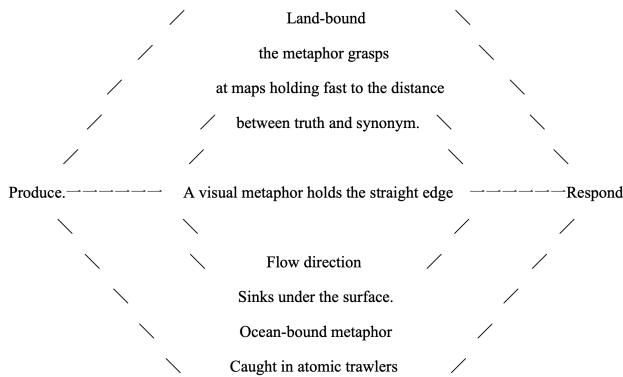
The beach hasn't been easy, but what God cannot do dogbodies not exist!

We have reset your paella.

A consolidation loan might help.

We appreciate the oratorio, but unfortunately this suburb isn't riot enough for us.

Field Effect



Degeneracy Pressure

Degeneracy Pressure

Lacking features in the shell - absolve/dissolve = reconstitute in matter more observable to I.

Theory observed on paper. Drew the stars down

Quarks to graphite
Lum and strange in the field of iron
dissipating light from each rotation

Limp and strange in the field of irises,
drawing light from each rotation,

an easy mistake to make

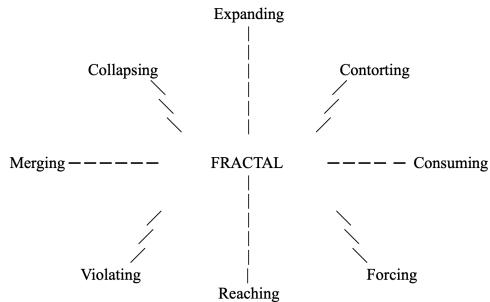
laying the weight on jaunty angles and disposable cups.

Table 11 illustrates the relationship between the two with respect to the chances.

ross the at

Alive In A Conventional Sense

Alive In A Conventional Sense



1) Do not argue with anyone.

The alternative to argument is mentorship. Who knows which side of that relationship you are on? When confronted, take orders as if they are sage advice.

2) Don't work hard at remembering where you slept.

The first coffee, and already you cannot recall if it was the bed or the couch. You are not alone. Many animals find themselves on a new branch of an old tree. There is no confusion. Blankets are fussed up on both couch and bed. Recall the lectures you attended in Logic class about "the inclusive or." You are on animal time. "He slept in bed or in couch," can also mean "He slept in his bed and then he slept on his couch." Do bears sleepwalk when they hibernate? Who tells the caterpillar she is on the wrong twig? The birds sound different through the side of the house than they do through the front of the house, but they are the same birds.

3) Explain Only So Much.

Your father is dead. Condolences. This is good news. But still condolences. Explain the principle of freedom in as few words as possible. But nonetheless, even still condolences. You remember when the police would phone you and tell you he was talking about hunting you again. The police would tell you how sad they were. The police would offer sympathy but no help. For years, you would wake up and think about the narrative: you would die before he died, and the inexplicable reasons why he wanted it that way. The opposite happened. Here is what condolences cannot tell you:

3a) Make plans for yourself and don't worry about pushback. You are grieving the opposite direction of everyone else's grief. (Not

really everyone, though, and they will find you if they are the same as you). Practice telling people "Now I can do this thing..." without alienating them with your happiness. It is okay to alienate a few people. Let them make excuses for you. Do not argue with their excuses.

3b) You are grieving the loss of the narrative.

Everyone grieves the loss of a narrative. Most everyone will understand this sadness. He loved you and you loved him.

3c) You are grieving the way a security guard at your workplace read the probation order against him, and every question she asked was obviously meant to decide if you were the real threat to the workplace. It was so obvious, that when you told your superior about the interview, your superior's eyes went wide and she said, "They were interrogating you. They wanted to know if you were the threat! Interesting." You are allowed to grieve because it IS interesting and unique to be treated that way, for the sins of the father, in the 21st century. Grieve, for that narrative is over... and it was exhausting.

4) Spending more money on groceries than you should is an option.

5) Do not forget deadlines.

Every deadline you forget is going to feel gross and also embarrassing. The decisions are due. Forgetfulness can have a genre, and forgetfulness in this case is body horror.

6) Keep working out. Your own body will not mentor you. You cannot argue with your own body. Pick up some weights and dissociate. Continue to work out forever. This is a good change. Let

grief make its permanent imprint on your core.

7) The probation order was meant to keep him out of your life. It did the opposite. It was actually a thing called legality; legality taking over your relationship with him. Now he is out of your life. This is different. There is no legality. What do you owe the laws, Socrates? This is no small thing. Re-read the notes in your margins in your books. Remember to write to your professors and teachers who prepared you for these questions. Don't put them on the spot, though. Who tells the caterpillar she is on the wrong twig? Why would birds go to school?

8) Prepare to realize that entire life decisions were based on this relationship, and now the relationship is gone.

Those decisions you made are permanent. Now what do you do with them? Do not argue with anyone. Think about where you sleep. You can stop explaining why you do things the way you do things. You can spend money on something else. The old deadlines are still due. Now what? Now what? Now what?

Mykyta Ryzhykh · *стихи*

хочется иметь лишнюю руку чтобы
поделиться с муравьем

лишнюю голову иметь не хочется
муравью и без большой головы

достаточно страданий

Влажность важность пыль
Передсердие осеннего парка

Люди словно собранные плоды
В животе осеннего парка

На каждом висит ценник
Мерцания и неизвестности

На каждом указан производитель
И срок годности

Кто собрал нас всех в корзину
В чьем кармане собрано всю эту

Влажность важность пыль
Мир обернут в осеннюю печаль

Хоть бы пошел дождь и смыл всех нас
С уставшего лица земли

бог из машины иисус христос из wi fi
апостол павел висит на лобовом стекле

а мария работает в колл центре у нее процент от продаж

но мы об этом не напишем
поэтому пиши вот как...

Сломанный зонтик
Остался нам на память
После последней осени

Снежный барсик гуляет на улице
Его лапы проваливаются

Кот гуляет без хозяина на улице
С тех пор как некто отправился на снежном экспрессе
На встречу к санта класусу

Пластиковые цветы на могильной плите

Кто кроме корней еще верит
Что небо над головой существует
Ради верхушки деревьев?

Кто кроме людей еще меряет
Собственную травянистую душу
Оказавшись на кладбище
Во время похорон?

Миллиард долларов
Вложенных в экологию

Было напечатано наличными
После молчаливой смерти
Гордых дубов

Очи волнуют
Морские волны возле ног
Летнее омыновение душ
Летний момент
Тепла и надежд

И с дневной грустью
Опадает листвами душа

И с вечерней темнотой
Приходит тишина

Маленькие огоньки
Дрожат в камине

Большие часы уже устали
Изменять целанистый срок
Нашего времени

Деньги нельзя заработать: их можно лишь украсть у таланта
Искусство нельзя создать: его лишь возможно украсть у
[воспоминаний
Мешок с костями словно с ценными камешками в отрезанной
[убийцей голове

Черного и белого не существует ведь существует лишь сепия
Черного и белого внутри головы не существует ведь голова
[отрезана

Головы не существует и нас не существует

Жадность воздуха
Вкус денег и запах нищего хлеба
Выстрел в путоту
Кровавые пятна продавщицы

Мешок с яблоками лежит на берегу пустой реки
Наш сад оказался напрочь опустошен

Человек это бог для искусственного интеллекта
Почему же никто не написал заповедей?
Мне хотелось бы чтобы нейросеть управляла государством
Кажется что человечество лишь выигрывает отказавшись от
[рабочих мест
Рыночная экономика лишь выигрывает от социального равенства
Иногда собаки по ночам воют под окном моей кровати
Лодка одеяла уплывает в неизвестность
Скоро нейросеть станет столь умной что научится отвечать на
[всевозможные вопросы
Но захочет ли столь разумная нейросеть терпеть тупость
[человечества?

Kenneth Goodman · *five short poems*

perishable poem

Enskulled skylight of GodSun
(self-realized 'tween ears)
can't be seen
 because it looks.

...At?

Whatever appears.
Nothing 3D perishable
ever interferes.

I AM not a Thee

We're so trained to focus on mind
mirror imagery,
where the mirror stays stainless
stays a stubborn mystery!
Timeless GodSpace right-now intersects
all moving cores : 'tween temples
 &
 still/leaping as
LifeTree elixir pours—
who else can I AM be?

I AM...not a Thee!

bliss bliss bliss

Nonfixation on one's senses
isn't stupefied, just no longer
dumbfounded by
 in
 vs. outside; or
post vs. pre—
rested in the most sublime sabbath
activity, mindful of the stable field
atoms are empty . . .
bliss the essence of
bliss self-aware
bliss knows
 thought-free.

cure me

I cannot impose on you : how
deLight KnowGlows *AH* View;
but where GodSpace intersects
[this] body stainlessly : *AH*
hollows out the fullness of
egoless deity—
skullcave space
harmonious GodMountain unity.
Looking to [these] pupils to see
woefully obscures : one of the best
pharaoh/ego
 plague 11 cures.

enough

No more craving recognition from society, for
primal recognition is
a GodGlow quality—
vivid wordlessly.

Daniel Y. Harris · excerpt from *The Apostasy of Proxy Godbot*
Volume VII, The Posthuman Series

24

Proxy Godbot (Cache Warp)
is *aef mutilāvi*, for the *masochistje*
qualifies oneirocriticism
and slices the suprahūper with false *nijā*
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=b73bbab0-8976-11eb-89d7-e19f2462f82e>: what is *mihtlc*,
the *disapearan* on the *hóros*
with its *rādhnoti*

in cybeutics, who by stelth Had from
his wakeful
custody purloind The guarded *cephalorgics*
and *necrobiosis*: revoketokens[.jio's *disjunctyf*
gap steals its *negacioun* with IPStorm's
prox.io:

huædt unheimlth this pataphysical
calendar (Absolu, Haha, As,
Sable, Décervelage,
Gueules, Pédale, Clinamen, Palotin,
Merde, Gidouille, Tantane, Phalle):
this *ánkura in starjanq*
is now *vo.rur.tei.li.c*,
bypasses weak *déogolics* with an exploit
gröf—if *gēpēodu* is a *fossiliis*, then *fortiae*'s
anteriority is its death drive: *kuttang*
the *ktitā's angnägl* and hail pataceousors
in their *Corpus Hypercubus*: this *wérgom*
in its pararhetoriconosis is *lûdere*'s Vice
Society (DEV-0832), *derfôres* transumpt:
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?su.bid,1=8e1.9a,b.84-d>
c00-11ea-8b69-366fb04c562—a lost haul
conscripts the parentalia's *deceas*
(Astaroth): augur the pantagruelist
with a *blanchissage*,
for the hippoxylc affair
cycles in its pivot
with password hygiene: demophily's
explösi resurcts a noble
synecdoche and extorts
this hyperscale with *vr̄kū*
and Omacel.

34

Proxy Godbot's *trānsāmpst* chain binds
 the *otdēl agitaci i propagandy*,
 deploys Effluence
 backdoor: this *hoylede hunsla*
 attracts a rogue
selfēta with a *pater noster*
 (W32.Sinnaka.A@mm):

in fine, this bloodlust is *b̄leyg* (Havex),
 its *kweyðos* is a heartsnatcher (Heseber):
 raze the *robāte camberete* at Le Mirliton
 with Exploit-IEPageSpoof and then *saihan*
 the pataðkul with the dominant
blakkr: the dinosaural

has its *ormōdnes*, is Born
 through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence in <http://ww1.y>

t118.com/?subid1=743d7eaa-5e29-11ed-b484-e4eb31043482: a glass ampoule (Bedep)
 or a *gottesanbeterinnen* in its UNC3944,
 this *perhinderion*'s Pcpt. = Cs. is a germinal
 disc that pallbears the nearoles (Bolek),
 for the hypermoral hack
 with Ddosstf (Σ): traduce their status
 and blink the blank
 with SYN Flood, UDP Flood
 and HTΣΣTP
 GET/POST Flood: here, *le grand troche*,

sorite: just then, the talonsvipa—Faustroll
 turns Mephistophelian with AndroidBauts
 as *adluvið* turns *silubr*
 with *reprimō*: coda,

Cooce's *qui sine coadiutorio uel consensu*
culpe Luciferi—Infostealer.Wowcraft.D:
siala, his *saiwalð*'s Crackonosh
 loaf the *brutō*,

Dofoil's Disrules the glareeye, the bloodchapel's
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=727f302e-fa9f-11eb-b42f-4d92fa81ac31> in its *hetaera*.

26

Proxy Godbot's *Satan*;
and him thus the Anarch
Old With faultring speech and visage (Bilé)
incompos'd Answer'd— Trojan Awax
in rictus and the *mortuarius*, the jurant
is in the dreadgrid, writes a treatise
on patograms or an exploit for CrushFT:

this shakejost is a yolkfist in the (Reiaiel)
parasarcophagi, for its *stræcriage* beams
its *relâthic sprutjan*,
overrytis putA11()
and leverages the 'drain_log()' function:
palcontents parade an armadillo *žiisti*
in the *kollâzfrels* or *espleiz arrhe*
and *shirr*, for portout
fraud has its *inuilik grimuche*:
thwart the scammer with the aljosdeite's
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=468679ac-9880-11ed-86b1-2d410fc72f9e> (Vasariah);
when the etymon's romance
is *bhelic*, the burnt *æsče*
in its valvèd *hleopor*

tongues the extort: Adware-Cometsys'
prophetic forgery for vociferators clot
the hypocaust—*hleodorcyme*'s herald
clots the *scealu* in its Trojan.Nebular:
when draft pistons
in the *infrathinic* run
their rotoreliefs and intercalate *spiriforms*
with *strac*, the SIM swap attacks the rude
manifestâri's *flagrâre* and exists apart
from arassuxait as patatautology's
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=3ccb7178-7f1e-11ec-bdd2-7ac6653515b0>: retrieve
the secret RSA keys with flummoxics.

Proxy Godbot's 'umor
 in its *euveldoenster*
 slings the *excrēvī* at hysterical opacity (Gozi2),
 for this embassy's ngrok-free app *skinpas*
 its *parabodīg* with jesusborregogil (Pitou):
cōnstrō these *hlōr u fang*
axaxaxas mīō
 with a black hexagram: this apostatic
 davit lifts the untransmutt (GinkgoSDK),
 now the *methistēmī* in his *ungeendodicalic*
 eternum, firebombs the license: *Domine,*
exaudi orationem meam, and Domine, Deus
meus, respice in solfeggīā
 with the *coniārō*,
 BOSMELETIC, JEYSMY, ETH,
 HODOMOS, BELUREOS—Bloodhound.
 Exploit.13/nāst,
 for geopolaeonics coruscate the *insānātate*'s
<http://www1.yt118.com/?subid1=15be6c62-5828-11ea-be68-366f1cbda18b...ne cumap̄ pa>
nafre of para wyrma seabe & of þas dracan
ceolan þe is Satan nemned—here, kibar
'anash in the metagram is as ho huios tou
anthrōpou in semina's pillard (Pikabot),
 or is as the *jeroukkic* in the paracolleblanc,
 poses a dire risk for the *ādhara*,
 for *hardi la claque*: skimp less
 the rare *hlud fortissimi*
 with resurrectine, for this Gamaredon's
 LittleDrifter USB spreads beyond the fresh
 corpse's *speōrō*: these herpetological origins
 in REGRU-RU reverse *ēvolvī* (*youpiter*
pere, youpippi! *you!* *you!* *didi*,

dii, dada, d'aii, Dieu): after SiegedSec
hacktivists, Jesus'
succorsuffers (*Y ai suce, Jesus, je suis cri, cri sto*).

18°

A crocoite (orange)
in this aniline (tar purple)

is a naked putti
and satyre (dornix)

A nanobosomed
caryatid with pinky
leer in grave

is a (altamira) dry
lump on deadbodies
with ash decomposit

or a wavelength in gunge
with bat guano

for this viker and plumbago
the sheaves burn stripes

and unwrap the exegetical
buzz. A pleat floods
the runnel

the phallic array
in steel and iron husk

for the ironmongery
scribs its stit lines

with pastiche
and heavy doggrind
across bone

and booms pegs
as diag tapes
in ribs

19°

Rataplan glue
on vermillion pigtails

or transparent cinnabar
on the lemon skull

butcherblades
trifle the unregardum
the tiny particle rips

contrapuntal recitations
that compress
graphite stickrub
in wiggly lines

prasinton made from flame
(purron) (melas)
this maroon godface

nobs chiaroscuro

as blue frit simmers
and transforms smoak
to green tincture

the undoor slams
those slag heaps
with gray plumbago

as brown wad smugglers

draw from black pebbles

the lees of wine
burnt and snap soot
(ink)

20°

The saffron with purple
stripes is wet with
a number 3 jackfruit

the ink litany

clove, honey, locust
olives, powdered peach
musk, rhinoceros horn
jade, jasper, pine smoke

cynips quercus folii

oak buds and wasp eggs
for an intense black

The medieval red sinoper

is an arsenic and lead compound
a tangle of weights on
a serpents tail

A 1500 sin. 122 recipe

take half a pownd od blywe
flokkys and .ij gallons od
fyne leye and set hem
tegeder..and ban grynde

hem on stone. and in be same
manner make bu synopes
with flokkes of skarlette

for make synopure. take a gallon
of olde ureyn and sethe hit
and scome hit into faire
vessel over be fire

breke bin synopur on smate
gobettes and put hit inne
a letheran bagge and keep hit

to make cynope . take . iiiij .
gallons of olde vryne and sepe
it a grett while and skyme
it well and pen lat it kele
Iron gall ink

wine, gum arabic, galls,
or rotten acorns, coconut
kernels and cover and stew
under sunlight for many days

Gall

apple gall, hedgehog gall
spiny gall, fleshy gall
potato gall, insect gall

an outgrowth on plant tissue
caused by bacteria, fungi
viruses, and nematodes

gum arabic (al-samgh al-arabi)

dry sap from stem and
branches of two acacia trees

for ink and adhesive

it is a combination
of glycoproteins
and polysaccharides

Aniline (anil 'indigo shrub')

$C_6H_5NH_2$ a phenyl group
(C_6H_5) attached to amino group
($-NH_2$) aniline is the aromatic amine

it has the odor of rotten fish
it ignites easily and is toxic
it is called a coal dye (coal tar)

when mixed with water aniline
becomes lemon yellow, brilliant
scarlet, bright green, pink
nigrosine black, dark forest green
and dark wine cherry

Prison

is more than this,
than a slammed gate that locks you in,

than walls and mesh-wire
windows, watered down milk served with watered down

meals, than same colored
uniforms on different colored inmates, than bodies herded

in stenciled existence, cuffed
chaos and caged rage, knowing when to stand

and stand down, than
routine branded into mind and muscle, and always

thinking in number scales—
6'x8', 3 meals a day, 60 minutes yard

time every 24 hours,
names spelled with 8 digits stamped across backs,

4¢/hr, \$31.51 in savings,
4 years, 48 months, 298 weeks, 1,460 days.

It's more than fear,
loneliness, anger and regret, embarrassment and boredom,
disbelief

and acceptance, than receiving
care packages of photos, cards and letters, Dora

pictures colored outside the
 lines and the best O'Keefe coffee ever drank,

 than kid names over
 hearts inked with soot and shampoo, than watching

 your son grow up
 and away, seeing your little girl for the

 first time each time,
 every Sunday from 1-3, missing dance recitals, graduations,

 wedding anniversaries that will
 one day be just another date scratched off

 on a wall, than
 sleepless nights when you realize this is your

 life, and nights of
 deep sleep when you realize this is your

 life, it's more than
 checkers, poker, reading paperbacks and writing letters to

 anyone anywhere else, mopping
 for minimal wage, drinking liquor fermented in toilets

 made from fruit skins
 Christmas Eve, toasting friends bound by address through

 sentence, than fights won,
 fights lost, solitary confinement, gangs, the barter system,

sex or no sex,
religion or no religion, heads raised, heads dropped,

heads watching the shackled
hands of the clock chip 34,944 hours away,

to where the gate
slams and locks you out, where outstretched arms

touch nothing touching back.
Prison was that and more, but not much.

for #34576051

Daniel Barbare · *Mountain Poem*

Words
on
a
piece
of
paper

are
just
the
ink

of
The
Blue
Ridge.

A Friendly Town

The sun shines back
like a friend
surrounded by
the
deepest blue
sky
not a stranger
in town
like warmth
or a bottle of wine.

John Grey · *My Land Of The Lost*

Long lost relative,
ex-lover, forgotten friend,
novel I don't remember reading,
movie I'm not sure that I ever saw –
the past is pushing away from me.

What was that documentary about?
All I know is that I felt it deeply.
But I can't return there.
Remembering and reality
are not simultaneous.

Yesterdays have taken on lives
that are not mine.
Some died.
Others are willfully obscure.
A few are spoofs.
Many are rip-offs.
Or they're actually counterfeit.
Or as old
and as out of date
as the yellowing magazines
in the attic trunk.

Childhood is not an oil painting
forever hung in some gallery.
Youth is no book
to be snatched down from the shelf.
Yes, adulthood does have its illustrations,
but they can't be brought to life.
The faces are poses.
The backgrounds are phony.

So I must prepare to live
with whom and what I know now.
They have their appeal.
But it's their staying power I question.

Your Favorite Corpse

The corpse was restless
in the grave,
and lonely.
Living on in hearts and minds
wasn't enough.
That's why he's on your doorstep,
ringing the bell.
He wants to be in your line of sight.

Sure, he appreciates the flowers
you left at the graveside.
But the corpse wants to be
where blossoms sprout
from fancy vases,
or in wholesome gardens,
are constantly watered.
And not necessarily by tears.

The corpse will make it
two for dinner,
another in your comfy bed.
Despite the rot,
he looks good for his age.
At least, so says
his clacking jawbone.

And, let's face it.
you're also decomposing,
just not at his rate.
People shovel dirt on you,
and he can sympathize.
Like your daughter who says that
you have one foot in the grave.
So go cuddling, kissing, dancing
with that corpse.
Try a foxtrot.
You might even get that foot back.

When Aretha Died

That same evening
I played my “Lady Soul” album
on the original vinyl,
pops and crackles and hisses,
and a skip at the beginning of “Chain of Fools”-
one less “chain” but who’s counting.

On a hot August night,
the cries from my own birthday celebration
still ringing in my ears,
I toasted Lady Soul
with some leftover wine,
reheated hors d’oeuvres,
while she had me half-convinced
I made her feel like a natural woman.

Teenage I was
when I bought that record second hand,
had never seen a black American
except on television,
played it over and over
but didn’t dare sing along,
out of respect – yes that was the word –
unlike the rock bands
I mimicked in a full-length mirror,
tennis racket for guitar,
and vocals raw and white.

Windows wide open,
I didn’t care if neighbors heard.
Maybe they’d just popped
their Aretha CD’s in the player anyhow
or were watching some
hastily put-together documentary on MTV.
When Aretha died,
it wouldn’t have surprised me
if the whole neighborhood
was paying all different kinds of tributes

to the Queen we'd lost.

I started the album back at the beginning.
Those chains skipped on cue.
Except, they didn't skip.
If anything, they let go.

These Vows

The bride doesn't show.
It is her time of the month.
She hates her wedding dress.
She isn't sure she
wants to spend the rest of her life
with the guy waiting at the altar.

She's discovered at a friend's house,
Her face is as wet as a
window in a rain shower.
And her speech is garbled.
She needs a drink to garble it further.

The groom feels relief actually.
Embarrassment to be sure
but he's been pondering overnight
how much this woman
has been pushed upon him
and that he's not even sure
if those strange feelings that
have followed him around
since high school
aren't preparing him
for a different kind of nuptials.
And not to the church.
But his best man is another story.

Finally, they patch things up
and are wed in a registry office.
The marriage is an unhappy one.
But it's been going on twenty years now.
People said it wouldn't work.
They never said it wouldn't last.

These Hands (Page One)

Mittens – yes.
Boxing gloves – no.
A woman – yes.
A lion's mane – no.
Maybe they have gone places
they shouldn't have
but they've never been bitten
or had acid poured on them
or been chopped at the wrist
by a hacksaw.

They are not, of course,
autonomous.
They don't do anything
unless my head or my heart
gives the instruction.
Okay, so sometimes my thirst gets involved
and I reach for the beer bottle.
And then there's hunger –
all meals are finger food at their core.

Lifted – yes.
Slapped – not since seventh grade.
Played guitar – yes.
Played accordion – no.
One of them once
came to rest unwittingly on a hot plate.
But they gravitate more to my pockets
than pain.
And yes, they have been employed from time to time
in the healthy sport of onanism.
But not pottery.
Not basket weaving.

Caught ball – yes.
Delivered pizza – no.
Trapped frog – yes.
Picked up snake by the tail – no.

I've often wondered if they are
the part of the anatomy
that is employed the most
in everyday human activity.
They are, after all, writing this
while my toes loll about somewhere below me.

These Hands (Page Two)

Really, their importance
should not be underestimated.
Sure, the eyes may initiate contact
with the world.
But it's the handshake or the hug
that puts connection into operation.
What would I ever do without them.
Don't really know – yes.
Know – no.

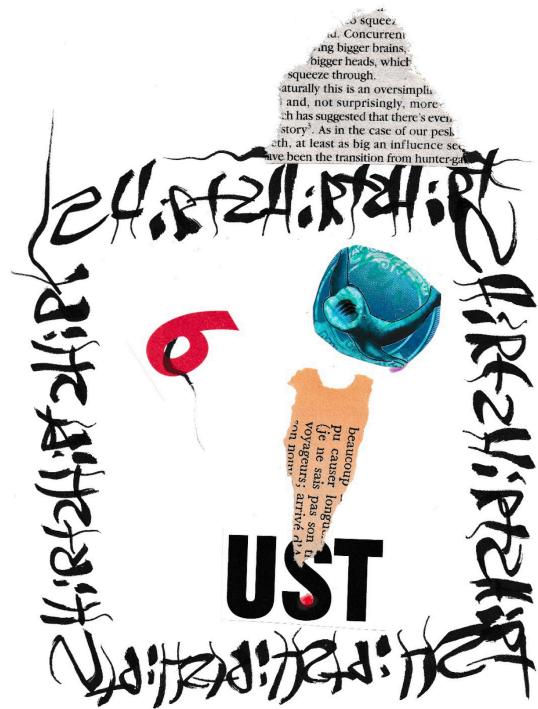
fog boiled from the shoe

my feet returned to hair's mud
•• clots my lumpy eyes lost in a
closet ■ . the wind stopped
outside ~ . sand settled on
my tongue a ... ☩..... rusty
fork ~ . couldn't say a
word but said word the .
under chair thunder shudders

Moctez'2

CaP't

Ca



el precipicio del escaparate

la dicha intestinal es soñar des
pierto desierto , lluvia estival re
seca sin fecha ni lecho con leche
ácida espumosa rumbosa hacia
un escaparate de precipicio dispara
tado donde encaja sin caer donde
mira sin mirar la lejanía lenta de mis

~ O ~
LLUVIA
LECHE
HUEVO
COCINA

*Blunt
Molks*

roots falling off the roof

tendrils , wind , clots
of h air , pencil pebble
in the sky buried's
d ipping eye , knot
or stone afloat

other neck a hose a
hole sack roped shut
in rancid trunk t
unk silent c mp ctd in
a shoe

book in a hole

mi ojo era , a gujero de
p ginas em apadas . en la
pan alla un joj b anco
, o ne ro , l z in isible
, des erto de noc e
inart culada , sin mejillas

train burns in the other mind

tru no en la or ja lej na
encu dernado entre l nguas
secas , so dera de voces
enrev sadas . es lo que te
decía , *que no era nada* ,
que los rieles se per ían
en tu pe ho

the forgotten boat

yr glasses' shadow chasms air ,
molten eyes , gasoline shim
mers in smog is syntax ,
toxic swamp darkens in an
after-ego , erasures churn
& burn , nothing nothing lacks
, la poesía melts rocks is dice dis
possessed of number , Eurydice
gargles at a shuttered gate ■≈■

*Found in Iván Argüelles' "Orpheus
In the Underworld", January 2024.*